

Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

AUGUST, 1899.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE FRAU PASTORIN.*

As the Frau Pastorin sat complacently stitching in the resplendent afterglow of the departing sun, she was a tonic for the weary soul to look upon. Time certainly had been a-nodding since she was young. Her cheeks were as rounded, as rosy, and as smooth as a baby's. The dimple in her chin came and went with the calm placidity of her thoughts. A white mull cap, adorned with broad lilac satin ribbons, sat lightly upon her ash-blond hair, parted Madonna fashion in the middle, from which it rippled behind her rosy ears into broad plaits, wound around the back of her head. A young girl may be beautiful by virtue of her grace, her youth, her vitality. The Frau Pastorin's beauty was the matronly queenliness of middle age, with the frolics of young girlhood still lurking in her dimples; the gayety of a heart which had never come into contact with anything unclean, and a purity of habit which shone on her brow and beamed from her well-opened gray eyes. The impression she made was that of immaculate purity. If ever in God's world there lived a being who practiced "cleanliness next to godliness," in the very spirit of the letter, it was the Frau Pastorin, not alone in her own personal habits, but in all her surroundings. Everything in the parsonage, from attic to cellar, smelled sweet

and shone resplendent with purity; and the Frau Pastorin's mind was as clean as her body. Filth, whether mental or physical, was abhorrent to her. She held that all vice had its stronghold in dirt. There would be no need of doctors or hospitals, if only every one would be clean. "We cannot all be princes in station or wealth," she was wont to say, "but every one may be a prince in cleanliness and behavior." When a beggar came to her door, she first gave him a piece of soap and a towel. When he had made lavish use of both at the yard pump, he got his fill of bread and meat and wine. If the women stood gossiping at their doors and the Frau Pastorin was spied coming down the street, they would make a hasty dash for their young, and immediately their howls of protest made music in the distance, as their faces were scrubbed and they were quickly hustled into clean pinnafores. For the prevention of every ill flesh is heir to, the Frau Pastorin had but one universal remedy,—it was cleanliness.

The pleasing twilight was fast fading into dusk. The Frau Pastorin, mindful of her eyesight, folded up her work and put it into her large wicker work-basket. The broad window-sill was filled with myrtle, rosemary, and jasmine, and monthly roses. Since Fritz was grown up, and no longer in need of her motherly care, these flowers were the Frau Pastorin's children. Strong, sturdy, and healthy they were.

*From *A Tent of Grace*. By Adelina Cohnfeldt Lust. Copyright, 1899, by Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, \$1.50.

perfuming the whole house with their fragrant blossoms. For miles around, the myrtle in the Frau Pastorin's window furnished the wedding crowns for the peasant maidens. It was considered to bring luck to the wearer. Everything that came from the parsonage savored of a benediction.

The Frau Pastorin plucked a leaf here and a leaf there, then looked out of the window into the gathering darkness. The Herr Pastor had slipped out, as was his wont, after drinking his afternoon coffee and eating his cake. He had lounged forth in his down-at-heel slippers and his "Schlafrock," with his shabby black velvet skull-cap, which he always wore in the house, in cold weather, pushed back on his scant gray hairs. It was growing cold. He should have been home long ago in his warm, comfortable Stube, where a roaring fire leaped in the large Herrenhuter stove, and the fine silver sand on the snow white floor glistened like flecks of stray moonbeams. The Herr Pastor's chess-table, with the red and black chessmen, stood just as he had left it in front of the cushioned settle in the warm inglenook. Surely it was more inviting within than without. The Frau Pastorin wondered what could keep him.

As she continued to peer into the darkness, she saw him staggering along, bearing a heavy burden in his arms. Another rescued sheep, she thought, with commiseration. They often tumbled down from the hill where they were browsing into the stream below. Many a four-footed patient had the Herr Pastor nursed back to health and restored to its owner, a rich cattle-dealer in the village, who received back his property as a matter of course. This sheep must be terribly heavy, she thought. The Herr Pastor could hardly stagger along. She hastily called to Babbett, and flinging her shawl across her shoulders, went to

meet him. It was time. Unable to proceed further, panting, he had braced himself against a stout tree, for the houses were sparingly scattered. No one had seen him. Lights were lit and curtains drawn long ago. The villagers were at their Abenbrod-supper. Babbett came clattering behind her mistress in her wooden shoes.

"Help thy master," said the Frau Pastorin, quickly. "He has rescued another sheep, and the weight is more than he can bear."

Babbett gave an amazed cry. "'Tis a two-legged one this time," she said; "the same as you and I, mistress."

The Herr Pastor held the child Jette in his arms. Alone and unassisted he had carried her from the woods. Her hair, matted with blood, had coiled itself like a cobra around his throat. Great streaks of blood smeared his face and hands. He motioned Babbett to take hold of the child's limbs. He was too exhausted to speak. The Frau Pastorin, greatly troubled, led the way to the back entrance into the kitchen. They laid the unconscious child on the wooden settle. The light from the lamp fell upon her battered face, closed eyes, and bruised limbs.

"Holy Jesus," cried Babbett, "'tis Jette, the Jewish skin girl!'

The Frau Pastorin sickened with horror. "Is—is she dead?" she faltered.

"She may be saved, I think, if something is done for her, and quickly," said the Herr Pastor; "the village youth fell upon her and maltreated her. As you see her now I found her in the woods. They were beating her to death. I could not leave her there alone, and there was no one to help me. So I carried her home the best way I could."

While he spoke, the Frau Pastorin had been busy tearing up strips of fine old linen. Babbett placed a soft sponge, some towels, and a pot of ointment on the kitchen table, taking care

first to spread papers over its immaculate surface. Then she lugged in a big tub. She knew as well as if her mistress had spoken what would be the first preliminary. The huge copper boiler stood on the stove, filled to the brim with hot water. It was always there, summer and winter, ready for use at a moment's notice.

The Frau Pastorin took down a large pair of shears. "Papachen," she said cheerfully, "do thou go and change thy

linen and clothing. Thou art sadly in need of it, I assure thee. Go to the cupboard and refresh thyself. This sheep thou must leave to me."

The Herr Pastor was tall and gaunt, with something of a stoop in his angular shoulders. He bent down to kiss his wife on the forehead. Usually he kissed her on the lips. But in his present state he knew she would not have liked it. He went, and left the two women to their task.

THE FUTURE OF AFRICA.*

Beyond all question it is to the interest of America and the Americans that the British should expand in Africa. As a colonizing power, England stands supreme; and she should be encouraged in the acquisition of African territory, to which she is entitled by the right of her ability properly to utilize and justly to govern. The European powers are bitter in their denunciation of the British in their greed for dominion, and in their methods of acquiring possessions, although similar methods are usually approved by them when put into execution by other nations than the English. For my own part, I do not see that one European power has any less of an itching for territorial dependencies than another; nor do I see that one is more scrupulous than another in its mode of obtaining new domains. England is brought into prominence by the fact that she is securing the more valuable portions of the globe, thus causing consternation and jealousy among her rivals. Every part of Africa is certain to come under the control of one or another of the European states, hence, before con-

demning England's policy of expansion, we should consider what flag will yield the greatest good to mankind. With British rule in Africa come equal privileges and justice to men of every nationality. The Portuguese are antagonistic to all except those of their own blood, a characteristic which is also true of the French, the Belgians, the Boers, and the Germans. Furthermore, we should inquire what the nations are doing to develop the resources of their African possessions. With the exception of England, practically nothing! Although the French have no surplus population with which to colonize, they first open their gold-fields to Frenchmen only. Germany's rich mineral and agricultural territory in the neighborhood of the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika is lying fallow for the want of a railway from the coast, the building of which was opposed in the German Parliament on the ground that it would not pay dividends. The Portuguese have practically nothing to show for their four hundred years of African occupation, except the record of the facts that great wealth was taken from the country, and that their territories drifted again into the hands of savages.

*From *On the South African Frontier*. By William Harvey Brown. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

On the other hand, we find England and the English expending millions in the opening and developing of new territories, and that with small hope of immediate returns from investments. With the advance of General Kitchener's army in Lower Egypt, a railway has been pushed forward which will soon reach Khartoum, while the British Parliament is building a road from the African east coast to Uganda. In Eastern Rhodesia the Mashonaland Railway is nearing Salisbury. November 4, 1897, saw the arrival of the Bechuanaland Railway at Buluwayo; and still more recently two million pounds sterling have been advanced in London for the purpose of its continuation northward to Lake Tanganyika. The Trans-Continental telegraph line is far beyond Blantyre, on its way "from Cape Town to Cairo," and the present indications are that the capital is certain soon to be guaranteed for the completion of the great trunk line of railway which will bind Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope. Thus are being created—actually with astonishing rapidity—the great instruments which will foster the innumerable smaller enterprises undertaken in the development of the rich regions in the interior.

In view of the active agencies which are thus at work, there can be no question as to future race supremacy in Africa. The Transvaal may or may not become *de facto* a British possession; but that the Anglo-Saxon will gain the supremacy there is inevitable. The spirit of commercial enterprise of which Mr. Rhodes is the living type, and which is sweeping from the south over the Dark Continent, is certain to revolutionize all the old conditions. The sturdy Dutch blood firmly established on African soil will serve as an important element for good in the development of that continent; but the English are rapidly outstripping the Boers, and the laws and customs of the

former will soon gain the ascendancy. Even the Dutch language which seems so tenaciously rooted in South Africa will, in all probability, lose its popularity with the newer and more enlightened generations, and eventually give way to the English tongue, except in secluded rural districts.

It is foreordained that the British are to wield a gigantic influence in the future development of Africa. The heroic fidelity with which the missionaries are working among the aborigines, ought to bring about the rapid advancement of the native tribes; but infinitely more potent than the noble philanthropy of the missionary, as a factor in moulding the future of races for good or for evil, is the active commercial spirit which now pervades the world. To this, and to the inevitable laws which impel a people of high intelligence to work for their self-preservation, must we trust for the future of both whites and blacks.

Since the North American Continent is narrowing as an outlet for the overcrowded countries of Europe, it is no idle dream to predict that with the attractions of climate, soil, and mineral wealth, and cheap and quick methods of transportation, the tide of migration will soon begin to flow to the Dark Continent, where a prominent part of the world's drama is likely to be enacted during the coming century. The native races may awaken from the lethargy in which they have been sleeping for more than five thousand years; but the transformation which civilization enforces will probably be too rapid for them, and before the new order of things they are more likely to vanish than to remain. Be the question of the future of the aborigines what it may, it will be as easy to check the flow of the Zambezi River as to change the course of those events which the spirit of the age is forcing forward, and which decrees that South and Central

Africa shall become a great English-speaking country. In the mature and rounded development of this new empire will be completed one step more toward the accomplishment of the des-

tiny for which Providence seems to have chosen the Anglo-Saxon race—the wielding of the balance of power for the world.

ALLAH DAD'S FAREWELL.*

Among the many hardships of the lot of the sepoy is the fact that he has no friends: unlike the European, the Indian makes no friends outside his home circle. His country fires him with no patriotism; but the "Sirkar's" steady pay and assured pension buy his blood for all the world over.

It is not very wonderful that the unselfish kindness of his English officers should often win them all the spare friendship the Indian soldier has to give. He knows that the rough and peremptory tone does not mean dislike; he appreciates the real kindness under it all. He has ceased to dread the ready "Damn!" when he knows that his sick-bed is tended daily by the very men who so freely pitch into him on parade. Little does he heed this bluntness of speech when he knows that there is a ready ear into which he can pour the petty story of his home affairs. In general he looks to his Sahib as his father; and one word of cheerful greeting, a pat on the back to a recruit, a ready jest at his expense even, bind a sepoy more closely to him than the Englishman often knows. Curiously, too, the deepest reverence is paid to the sternest and hardest, provided he be just, as nearly every English public-school boy learns to be. I have seen old sepoys stand and salute a picture of a Sahib who commanded them thirty or

forty years ago. I have seen tears in their eyes, and heard the muttered prayer as they gazed on the picture of the leader they loved, though they will tell you that he was a "very hard Sahib." Few men in this world enjoy the sort of fame that the iron Nicholson (Nikalsen Sahib) and the stern Macgregor enjoy to this day in the Panjabi villages. Every one knows the fame of "Laranz Sahib" (John Lawrence), the beloved god of the Panjabi. Let a just officer rule with iron, and be as iron in the field, and his men will storm hell and out on the far side at a nod from him.

Of all the fools in the regiment, Allah Dad was probably the densest. He simply could not understand anything. He had grasped his drill somehow in fifteen years' service, and was always indeed the picture of a clean and perfectly accoutred soldier; but there it ended. He was an excellent marksman, having learned how to shoot once; but he never learnt the incessant changes in the musketry regulations, and we always got him out of the way when the Inspecting D.A.A.G. for Musketry came round. He never did anything except exactly what he was told, and was therefore a regular nuisance when asked to do anything requiring brains, such as outpost duty. Many a time he was sworn at by Subadar and Wing Commander for his hopeless stupidity, and many the extra guard he got. His dull, camel-like face expressed

*From *On the Edge of the Empire*. By Edgar Jepson and Captain D. Beames. Copyright, 1890, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

nothing, not even a sense of weariness or confusion. He took his punishment exactly as he did his orders. Once he told the Wing Commander, after a more than usually bad blunder, that he felt a little ill; and that very afternoon he was carried to the hospital with a fever that did not leave him for three months. He took his illness like everything else. He refused sick-leave, on the ground that he had no relations and that his wife and baby son had died six months before. It was this that had prostrated him; but he had never thought of telling any one of it. Mohammedans are averse from discussing their private affairs of that kind, and only in a few cases confide them to their English officers. The poor man had eaten his heart out in solitude in obedience to the etiquette of his religion. His only remark which had any savor of life in it was with reference to this very subject four years later. It had been a very long and tedious double march, and when the rear-guard came in, they had been fourteen hours on the road. Allah Dad limped in, carrying two rifles and a double set of accoutrements and allowance of rounds; the recruit to whom they belonged crawling along dead-beat behind him. On inquiry it appeared that he had refused to put the things on a baggage-cart because "There was no order to put on any more load;" also neither would he ride himself, nor let the recruit ride, because it was forbidden by regulations; nor would he himself go to the hospital dhoollies nor let the recruit go, because it was against the reputation of the regiment. "Surely," said the Colonel, "you must have known that your burden was too great for you, that it was never meant that you or any man should be so burdened."

"Perhaps it is so," replied Allah Dad; "but I am a Rajput; and it is the will of God that I bear the load of my stu-

pidity and of my own grief as well. Why, then, should I hesitate to bear the small burdens of the Sirkar besides?"

And not another word was to be got out of him. He threaded his blistered feet with worsted yarn, and the next daybreak saw him in the ranks as ready for duty as usual.

At last he got his discharge. In Biluchistan supplies are scanty, and in the outposts more scanty than at headquarters. For three months the garrison of Mogul Kot had been suffering for want of vegetables, and scurvy had broken out badly. Lime-juice was very little good; even the nauseous scurvy grass did little to check the disease, and the malignant fever of the land slew the scurvy-stricken daily. One day it was reported to the officer that Allah Dad was down with scurvy, and a bad case. A look at the blue and bleeding gums and ulcerated throat showed how bad. He had refused to go to hospital, saying that he felt fit enough for duty. But this day he was taken violently sick, and the officer saw that Allah Dad's end was come. Everything possible was done to save his life, for he was a favorite with his fellows as well as with his officers. For four days the officers' goat was devoted exclusively to the sick man's use, milk being all he could swallow, and he seemed reviving. He said nothing, but promised to get well in his usual solemn way. On the morning of the fifth day he sat up unaided, and sent for the Subadar and the English officer. In their presence he divided his little worldly goods among his comrades—three rupees due to him on pay-day, his Koran, his clothes, and such kit as had become his own property. To the officer he gave his signet-ring—a lead hoop with "Allah Dad" rudely cut on a flattened portion of it. Then he spoke clearly: "I have obtained release and peace from Allah. I am a fool; but I am a soldier

of the Great Queen and always faithful. I am dying. I have no foes. I am not afraid."

He lay back; there was a deep rattle in his breathing; and his face grew gray. Half an hour passed. Suddenly he raised his head a little and cried in a loud clear voice, "In the name of God! There is no God but God, and Moham-

med is the prophet of God! Salaam to the Great Queen!"

Another pause, and they held the cup of milk to his lips; but he turned his head away.

"Say Salaam to the Sahibs!" he murmured.

Then he fell back, and was not stupid any more.

SOME AMERICAN VERSES.

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.*

When I sit down with thee at last alone,
Shut out the wrangle of the clashing day,
The scrape of petty jars that fret and fray,
The snarl and yelp of brute beasts for a bone;
When thou and I sit down at last alone,
And through the dusk of rooms divinely gray
Spirit to spirit finds its voiceless way,
As tone melts meeting in accordant tone,—
Oh, then our souls, far in the vast sky,
Look from a tower, too high for sound of strife
Or any violation of the town,
Where the great vacant winds of God go by,
And over the huge misshapen city of life
Love pours his silence and his moonlight down.

*From *Along the Trail*. By Richard Hovey.
Copyright, 1898, by Small, Maynard & Co.
Price, \$1.50.

FERTILITY.*

Clear water on smooth rock
Could give no foot-hold for a single flower,
Or slenderest shaft of grain:
The stone must crumble under storm and rain—
The forests crash beneath the whirlwind's power—
And broken boughs from many a tempest-shock,

*From *Hermione and Other Poems*. By Edward Rowland Sill. Copyright, 1899, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

And fallen leaves of many a wintry hour,
 Must mingle in the mould,
 Before the harvest whitens on the plain,
 Bearing an hundred-fold.
 Patience, O weary heart!
 Let all thy sparkling hours depart,
 And all thy hopes be withered with the frost,
 And every effort tempest-tost—
 So, when all life's green leaves
 Are fallen, and mouldered underneath the sod,
 Thou shalt go not too lightly to thy God,
 But heavy with full sheaves.

FORGIVENESS LANE.*

Forgiveness Lane is old as youth—
 You cannot miss your way;
 'Tis hedged by flowering thorn forsooth,
 Where white doves fearless stray.

You must walk gently with your love—
 Frail blossoms dread your feet,
 And bloomy branches close above
 Make heaven near and sweet.

Some lovers fear the stile of pride
 And turn away in pain,
 But more have kissed where white doves hide,
 And blessed Forgiveness Lane.

*From *Within the Hedge*. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson. Copyright, 1899, by Doubleday & McClure Co.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A memoir of the late Duchess of Teck, based on her diaries and letters, is promised for this summer.

Readers of "David Harum," who number a good many thousand by this time, will be glad to hear that the author left the manuscript of another story, called "The Teller," which the Lippincotts have published.

The announcement that Mr. Michael MacDonagh has undertaken a biography of Daniel O'Connell, will be received with more than ordinary interest. This work is certain to be done carefully and sympathetically.

The pathways of literature are thorny in Austria as well as in Germany. The well-known Austrian

novelist, Oscar Meding, better known as "Gregor Samarow," has been convicted of *lesè-majesté* for insulting the Austrian imperial family in a recent novel.

Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech, expressed his ideal of a perfect paper as "a well-arranged *Times*, without the leading articles."

Tolstoy's English agent complains bitterly because Tolstoy's latest novel has been freely edited and a good deal expurgated as published in America. In England, the novel was published just as it was written.

The "Etchingham Letters" have been published in London by Smith, Elder & Co., and are meeting with the cordial reception which their unusual quality deserves. Sir Frederick Pollock writes to the editor of *The Living Age* that Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish the American edition.

It must be with mingled emotions that the reading public learns that Victor Hugo's literary executor is editing a volume containing the poet's love-letters, which were written out in little notes and slipped into the hand of his betrothed, during visits when the lovers had no opportunity of private speech.

It has been recently stated, with great particularity, that Queen Natalie of Servia was engaged on a novel, for which her own melancholy experiences were to form the material. The story is happily contradicted. The royal lady has suffered much, but has no intention of turning her sufferings to literary account.

The old school grounds at Rugby have been adorned with a marble

statue of Thomas Hughes, whose "Tom Brown" has added so much renown to the famous school. The statue was unveiled by the Archbishop of Canterbury, once a head-master at Rugby.

Mr. Cy Warman has made the field of railroad fiction and description peculiarly his own; and his short stories have shown so much dramatic power that his novel of railroad life, "Snow on the Headlight," which the Appletons are about to publish, will be awaited with keen expectation.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson's "Woman and Economics" has reached a second edition, the value of which is enhanced by a full index of subjects. Small, Maynard & Co., who publish it, are issuing also Mrs. Stetson's story, "The Yellow Wall Paper," which was published as a magazine serial some time ago.

Richard Whiteing's "No. 5 John Street" (The Century Co.), from which the extract entitled "The Princess and Her Poor" in the last literary supplement, was taken, is attracting increasing attention on both sides of the Atlantic. Looked at as fiction or as keen social satire, it is almost equally attractive.

Mr. William Harvey Brown, from whose work "On the South African Frontier" a quotation is made on another page, went out to Africa as a naturalist connected with a United States expedition; and his volume is the fruit of eight years' residence there. He is about to return to make his home in Rhodesia.

There are certain disadvantages of a reputation for humor. Just as the Hon. Joseph Choate, American ambassador at the Court of St. James, was be-

ginning to establish himself in British society and diplomacy, a London publisher announced a volume irreverently called "Joe Choate's Jest Book." At the urgent solicitation of Mr. Choate the book was suppressed.

To the lengthening but not too long list of "bird books" Small, Maynard & Co. have made an addition in the form of a book called "On the Birds' Highway," written by Reginald Heber Howe, Jr. The "highway" is along the eastern coast from Maine to Maryland, at all points of which Mr. Howe has studied the birds with close and affectionate interest.

Beginning next October, The Speaker will enter on a new career as the organ of a group of young Oxford Liberals, among whom are Mr. Philip Comyns Carr, Mr. C. Trevelyan, and Mr. Belloc, the author of the striking volume on Danton, an extract from which was recently printed in this department. Sir Wemyss Reid, the present editor, is to retire from active journalism, but will retain a proprietary interest in The Speaker.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who owns the Pall Mall Magazine, used the June number of that periodical as the vehicle for an article on his great-grandfather, John Jacob Astor. The reader learns from this that, although the subject of the memoir was born in a peasant's cottage, he was of exalted lineage. The great-grandson's middle name perpetuates the name of the fortunate village in which the great-grandfather was born.

A new and thoroughly pleasing "Nature Study" volume, and one that will prove delightful summer reading for children, is Margaret Warner Morley's study of bee and flower life, which has the charm of a fairy tale, and merits its title, "The Bee People" (A. C.

McClurg & Co., publishers). The value of the book is decidedly enhanced by the illustrations, which are drawn by Miss Morley herself, and are not only truthful, but have a good decorative quality.

Since the birds have come to be regarded as so pre-eminently our fellow-creatures, it is only fitting that the very young people should have their own especial text books in bird lore as well as in botany. A delightful little book, with its appropriate share of colored plates, is Olive Thorne Miller's "The First Book of Birds" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers), which occupies itself with the manners and customs of bird life, and proves a guide of the most accurate and pleasing sort to older beginners as well as to the children for whom it was planned.

A successful attempt to provide scholars below the academic grade with a compact and yet comprehensive dictionary is the new abridgment of the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary, known as the Standard Intermediate-School Dictionary of the English Language. The definitions especially give evidence of remarkable common sense on the part of the editor, James C. Fernald, and are in themselves excellent examples of clear and forcible English, the simpler words being used whenever it is possible to do so without sacrificing brevity or exactness. As an aid to the gaining of a good English style the dictionary is valuable.

A volume of letters and verses of more than usual human interest is that entitled "Poems of Nature and Life," published by George H. Ellis, and edited by Francis E. Abbot, from material left by the late Dr. John Witt Randall. The letters are in themselves an earnest and at times touching expression of a strong per-

sonality, but the poems alone would merit collecting. They are woodland verses, and are of rare dignity, combined with musical charm. A special interest attaches to them from the fact that they were printed in a small collection a number of years ago, and were then appreciatively noticed by Bryant, who recognized a poet of a mood not unlike his own.

From the just-published Life of William Morris it appears that Mr. Morris was sounded by a member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, with the Premier's knowledge, to see if he would accept the Laureateship in succession to Tennyson. Mr. Morris was pleased, but answered that the position was one which his principles and tastes alike made it impossible for him to accept. This information is surprising, but scarcely as much so as the fact that Mr. Morris suggested the Marquis of Lorne as laureate, his view being that the proper function of a Poet Laureate was that of a ceremonial writer of official verse, and that in this particular case the Marquis of Lorne was pointed out for the office.

It is announced that Mr. Lewis Melville has nearly ready a two-volume biography of Thackeray. What his qualifications for such an undertaking may be, and why he has felt authorized to violate the expressed wish of Thackeray in this venture, are questions which remain to be answered. The Academy tells us that he is not thirty years old, and that he has amassed such a quantity of information that he finds it hard to get it into two volumes. That may be, but probably most lovers of Thackeray would ask nothing better than that the publishers of the biographical edition of Thackeray's writings should gather into a single volume the biographical introductions written by Thackeray's daughter, which are

marked by reserve and delicate feeling and are delightfully illuminating.

The "old order changes" in *The Spectator*. Mr. Hutton's death removed the writer who had been most widely known in connection with that journal, and now Mr. Meredith Townsend, co-editor and co-proprietor with Mr. Hutton since 1861, is retiring to private life, after an active newspaper career of half a century. The paper will be hereafter in the hands of younger men, especially of Mr. St. Loe Strachey, who is, however, so familiar with its traditions, and so well grounded in its methods, that there is no reason for apprehending any startling changes in the journal which is, on the whole, the ablest, kindest and broadest of the London literary and political weekly papers.

If it is confusing when different books are published under the same title, as has happened once or twice during the last few months, it is confusion worse confounded when authors of the same name publish books simultaneously. There are, for example, two Robert Bridges now contributing to general literature, one of them an Englishman and the other an American. More remarkable still, there are two Winston Churchills who are writing fiction, and in this case also one is an Englishman and the other an American. Both have been journalists. The English Winston Churchill is a son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. He is the author of a serial story now in course of publication in Macmillan's Magazine, and he has written a history of the Recovery of the Soudan, which is to be published in the fall. He is endowed with a middle name, Spencer, by the use of which he may distinguish himself from the American Winston Churchill, who is the author of "Richard Carvel."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Arm of the Lord, The. By Mrs. Comyns Carr. Duckworth & Co.
- Asiatic Studies, Religious and Social. By Sir Alfred C. Lyall, K. C. B., D. C. L. John Murray.
- Birds, The First Book of. By Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.00.
- Buds and Stipules, On. By the Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock. Kegan Paul.
- Century, Half a, Memories of. By the Rev. R. W. Hiley, D. D. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Curé of St. Philippe, The: a Story of French Canadian Politics. By Francis W. Gray. Digby, Long & Co.
- Dictionary, of the English Language, The Standard Intermediate School. Abridged from the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary, by James C. Fernald. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price \$1.00.
- East, Light from the: Or, The Witness of the Monuments. By the Rev. C. J. Ball, M. A. Eyre & Spottiswoode.
- East, Near, Travels and Politics in the. By William Miller. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Factory System, The Effects of the. By Allen Clarke. Grant Richards.
- Field Floridus, The, and Other Poems. By Eugene Mason. Grant Richards.
- France, Old, An Idler In. By Tighe Hopkins. Hurst & Blackett.
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